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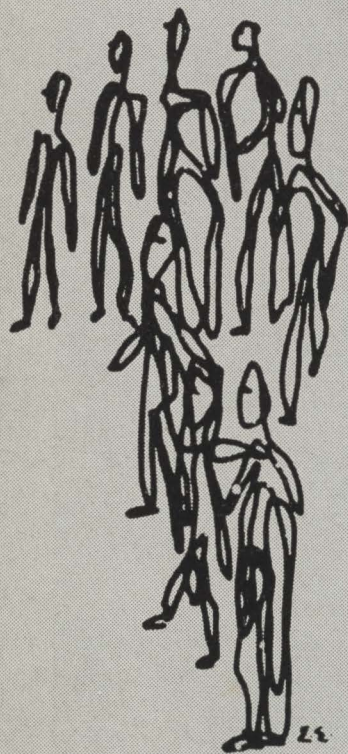
12TH YEAR
DECEMBER 1964
FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



one incorporated

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.



founded 1952

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" . . . a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

Volume XII

Number 12

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Homosexuals, like all human beings, have a tendency to believe that bad things happen only to other people. They therefore are rarely prepared for such unpleasant things as loss of job, death either of themselves or loved ones, or an arrest on sex charges.

What do you do when you are arrested? Imagine that there is a knock on your door and an officer of the vice squad says that you are under arrest. Here are some things to think about.

(1) If an officer tries to arrest you remember that he should have a warrant, unless a misdemeanor or a felony has been committed in his presence, or he has reasonable grounds to believe that you are guilty of some crime.

(2) If he has no warrant, ask what the charges are. If they are not as explained in No. 1 above, you may decide to go along, under protest, made before a witness if possible. You are not required by law to do so.

(3) Give NO information. You may, but you do not have to give your name and address. Do not talk to ANY policeman. Here is a typical conversation and how you should answer questions.

Q—Why did you commit this crime? A—I'm not guilty and I'd like to see my lawyer before making a statement. Q—How long have you been a —? A—I'm not guilty and I'd like to speak to my attorney, please. Q—Have you been arrested for this before? A—I'm not guilty and my attorney would rather I speak through him. Q—Nice day isn't it? A—I'm sorry, but I'd like my lawyer's advice before making a statement.

(4) Deny all accusations as shown above, otherwise your silence could be taken as admission of guilt by the court.

(5) If you are taken to jail, find out what you are "booked" for—that is, the Penal Code number and find out the amount of bail.

(6) INSIST on using a phone to call your family or lawyer.

(7) Do not sign any statement. Take the badge numbers of arresting officers.

(8) You have the right to deposit "bail" money and be released from jail for most offenses. Have your attorney make the arrangements. If you use a bondsman, he probably will insist on some security.

(9) The police do not have the right, under any circumstances, to manhandle, beat or terrorize you.

(10) You are entitled to a lawyer, and if you do not have one by the time you appear in court, ask for a continuance until you can get legal representation.

(11) If you are innocent, do not plead guilty. Ask for a trial by jury unless your lawyer advises you otherwise.

(12) If you are questioned by a member of the FBI for any reason remember you are not required to give an answer. Contact your lawyer and see that your rights are protected.

Be prepared. Don't think that because you have not committed a crime you will not be arrested. Know a lawyer BEFORE you need one.

O.K.! SO YOU'VE GOT ME

. . . but don't pick me up at the newsstand all the time. I embarrass easily. I don't like being handled by the people before you who flick through me and then plop me down. I get all worn out before you even get me home. **SAY!** Maybe you could let me come right to your home. I won't really cost much more. Just \$7.00 a year and I'll be right at your doorstep each month. (For \$15.00 a year, I'll bring an interesting friend, **ONE Confidential**, to add to your pleasure. You'll never catch HIM at a newsstand—he's **very** special.)

If you think I'll be too conspicuous at your door, don't worry—I'll wear a plain brown envelope. (Why, the **Reader's Digest** dresses like a queen compared to me.) Maybe you're afraid that I might get undone on my way to your place, but, perish the thought! I travel **only** first class and securely sealed against the elements.

If you've liked me at the newsstand, you'll ravish me at your door. Who knows? We might even get a "thing" going between us.

You can get me in either of the two ways listed below. Just put your little X in one of the boxes and tell me what you wish.

[] I wish to subscribe to ONE Magazine for one (1) year. (\$7.00)

[] I wish to become an Annual Member and receive ONE Confidential in addition to the magazine. (\$15.00)

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The Lesson from the Twins:



an interview at Christmas time

This is the time of year when the age-long custom of giving and receiving gifts brings into focus the question, what is there worth giving or receiving? What would you really like to have most of all if some Genie or some Santa Claus asked that question? Would homosexuals, when it came right down to it, settle for that Jaguar, that year in Paris, that cool little beach house, or even that boundless supply of sexy tricks trotted out each month in the model magazines on the newsstands?

If you ask them, perhaps most homosexuals would fervently reply, most of them, that is, who have graduated from that starry-eyed stage when visionary goals still hold promise for them, that above all the things they desire in this world would be the gift of a true and lasting friendship. "Give me a lover," they say, "to cherish, to enjoy, to live with and, above all, to just be there. That would be the gift of gifts." But would it?

For do such persons understand what it might take in the way of sacrifices and struggle and pain to achieve such a friendship, much less to keep it alive? Let those who want love and constancy pause for a bit to see the cost, then ask themselves how much they would be willing to pay for such blessings.

Let them read what the price was for Jon and Don. Let them see what it has taken for one couple to earn and win the way into a deeper, richer kind of living, one where the presence or

the absence of glamor and excitement are not at all what really matters, where partnership and love both mean the same quiet, happy thing.

Perhaps the place to begin their story is with the way they met. It was a case of cruising, as it is so often, our society being what it is. Don was a married man with nearly grown children, at long last discovering himself in middle life and struggling toward some solution for his situation. Jon was about twenty-five years younger and still living at home with his parents.

One meeting led to another, and another. Before long each had visited the other's home for dinners. There were gifts exchanged, most disastrously an expensive one to Don upon Jon's return from a trip to Europe. That did it. Wifey became suspicious and wanted to know what was happening? Being an honest person Don told her.

From then on a dreary reign of harassment was alternated with hopes for resolving the problem. One daughter was detailed to spy upon her father and report his whereabouts. He was remanded to a psychiatrist's attention and threatened with exposure to the F.B.I. The wife now sought sexual attentions which formerly she had repelled.

As time went on, Jon and Don continued to see each other, becoming more and more interested in each other's company. It was clear that Don's marriage was a hopelessly lost cause. So the two of them moved to-

by Valentine Richardson

gether. Then the troubles began in earnest.

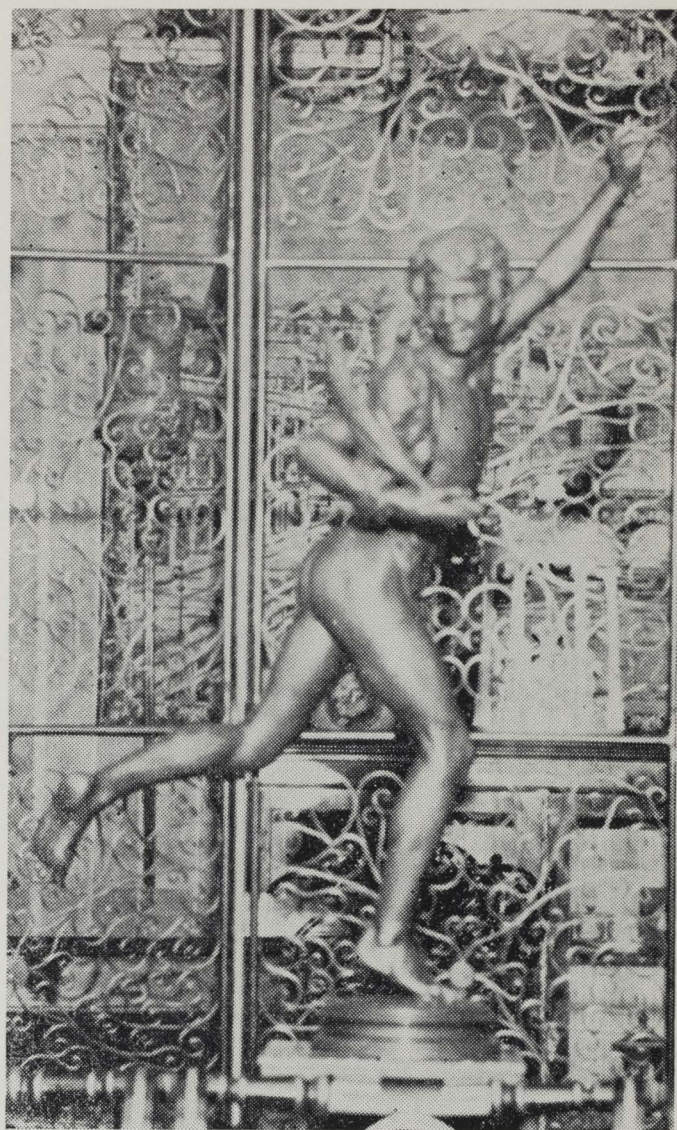
First, came the loss of the job where Don had successfully worked for eighteen years. Then Jon's employer was called in the attempt to get him fired too, but that didn't work. Don began attending the church of which Jon was a member. An attempt was made to have them expelled from their church, but that also failed. There were anonymous phone calls of a threatening or obscene nature. Old friends crossed the street to avoid meeting them. Car tires were slashed and their apartment lease was cancelled, so that they were forced to move.

Finally the divorce got under way, Jon being named as correspondent in the full glare of publicity. The wife's three lawyers maneuvered to get the trial set before a judge noted for his prejudice against homosexuals. Don's lawyer, as well as the psychiatrist who stood by well during all this time, advised keeping things quiet. Don't live together now, they advised. Keep apart for the present, lest court commitment or a prison sentence result.

Instead, the two kept on living together, going to church together and, to let the whole world know that all of its fury could not deter them from their feelings for each other, they walked hand-in-hand to the middle of the main intersection in their Midwestern home city and in the fullness of noonday kissed each other there.

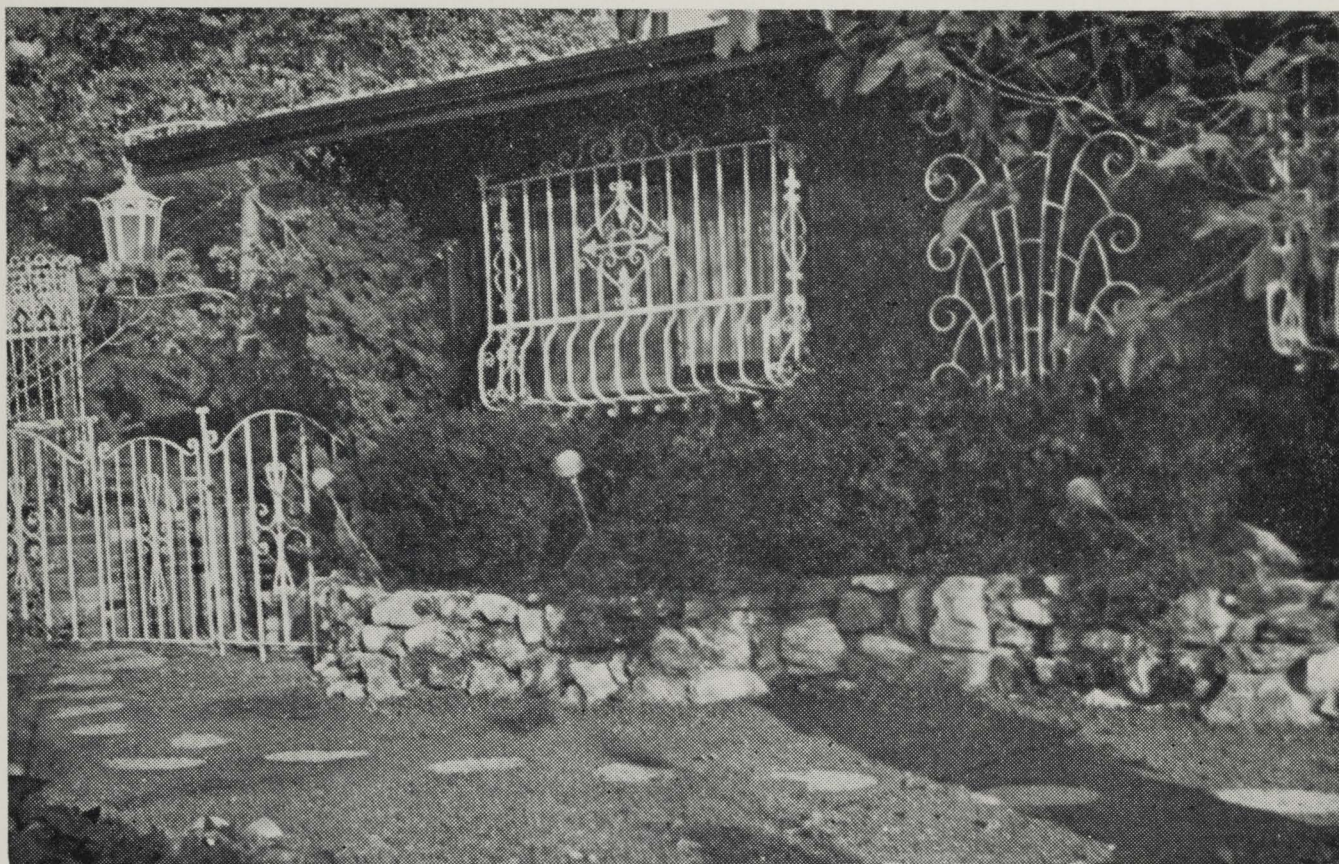
However, Don had no job and no income. It was Jon who supported them both. Fortunately, his family interposed no serious problems and, equally fortunately for them both, they kept on learning anew that, while sexual attraction may be important, life is much more than that; they liked each other and liked being with each other. That was what mattered.

The months dragged on and on, but at long last it was all over. Don was



not jailed or sentenced, but he was stripped of everything he had. Gone was all the property from a comfortable, moderately affluent way of life, even down to the beloved heirlooms inherited from his own parents. Everything was gone, except Jon, but that was enough. Their new life could now begin, a life they could build together.

They didn't slink quietly out of town, as so many expected and advised them to do. Don managed to find employment in another line of work, not very good pay, but a job nevertheless. So they lived quietly along until the time seemed ripe for their next move. This was to the West Coast, where they now live. Don is back in his own line of work once more and Jon continues the work for which he was trained.



What is their life like today after almost twelve years together? To what do they think they owe the successes they have had? Without a doubt both of them would lay much stress on their religion. Not that they are compulsive church-goers, but liquor is never served nor allowed in their home, nor is smoking. They thoroughly frown upon promiscuity, partner-switchings, bar-hopping and separate dates. They love their home and their life together. They're just too normal even for their heterosexual friends, they say.

How did all this come about and how was it achieved? How could two people, the one coming from a background of comfortable means with a love of antiques and rare china, the other from far more modest Midwestern beginnings, adapt so well to each other?

First, of course, would come love for each other. Then, complete financial trust. They have never had

separate bank accounts nor separate ownership of anything. What they have is *theirs*, not *his* and *his*. Next they would put oneness of goals and ideals, and this they already had to a great degree when they met.

As to mutuality of general interests, this has come with the years. Gradually the younger of the pair has learned to acquire a great interest in and love for antiques and fine china, as great as his partner's. They visit antique and decorator shows together. They save for that new acquisition which both of them want and then are proud of together. They like to entertain for their friends, both being superlative cooks.

Today, they look enough like each other in their comfortably ample dimensions to be a younger and older brother. In fact this has earned them the title of The Twins, for few would guess the actual difference in their ages. This illustrates their view of a question that agitates so many homo-

sexuals; what about when I "grow old"? What about my going with this "old" man (anything from a five year differential and up)? What about this young guy; how could he really like *me* (five years or more older than he is)? The Twins view such questions as nonsense. Do you like each other, or don't you? Do you want to live with each other enough to go through what you may have to encounter, or don't you? These, they say, alone are the relevant considerations. The rest is childishness, and perhaps they are right.

To friends and acquaintances one of the most remarkable aspects of the pair is the home life they have created for themselves since coming out into the stability of more peaceful waters. How to describe it to those who have not with their own eyes seen it?

As remarkable as anything is the fact that they now live in a typical upper, middle-income level tract of newer homes where many of the homes have swimming pools. Despite their refusal to conceal or to gloss over any aspect of their partnership, even down to the wearing of precisely identical attire, they know the neighbors. They are active in organizations. They participate in community affairs. Twice their home has won the community award for outstanding Christmas decorations and this "pair of bachelors" is written up in the paper, with pictures. Hundreds, if not indeed thousands have come by to see the lights and hear the music. Father, mother and the children have gone through the house and the garden and sent their friends by to enjoy the same privilege. For it indeed is a remarkable home and garden. Not everyone would care to emulate it even if he could, but, as The Twins say, "We like it."

The garden is unbelievably luxuriant. Walks and walls of weathered

brickwork contain a multiplicity of terraces, stairways and vistas. Not that it is so large, but it has been intricately planned to show off the many marble and bronze busts and seductive



ancient and Renaissance glorifications of the male figure.

There are fountains backed by Italian cypresses and tiny rock plants creeping between the brickwork. At night lights of many colors create their moods. Lacy white ironwork gates and seats frame views of city, mountain and ocean a score of miles away, glittering in the sunlight by day and sparkling at night, as the distant traffic signals ebb off and on.

The house within is veritably a museum of choice inlaid antique woods in French, Italian and English

furniture, silver and bronze statuary, curious medallions from the world over, tiny singing metal birds in gilded cages, doors that open to odd chime effects; there is no use attempting to describe what has taken them years of skill and effort to achieve.

It would be unforgivable however not to at least refer to the music-box collection of every imaginable sort and type ranging from cuff links to a piece of furniture 7 feet tall. The antique English Wedgwood of many colors—yellow, mauve, red, black, as well as the traditional blue—overflowing cupboards and cabinets and even hanging overhead in the form of an unbelievable chandelier high above the inlaid rosewood dining table—candles with Wedgwood bowls, posts, and weights, all intricately joined together by sterling bands.

Those fortunate enough to be guests have an unforgettable experience. Perhaps some envy The Twins the happiness and the comforts and the beauty they now have, but would all of those who envy them be willing to go through what came first? Is everyone who wishes he had a true and loving "friend forever" ready to adapt himself to what he might be called upon to do?

When we make our Christmas wishes, let no one any longer wonder childishly what Santa Claus will bring him or her, or complain peevishly at what does come. Rather, let him think a good deal of "the lesson of The Twins," for without a doubt, that would tell him that *to have* means you must *give*, but likewise that to give means you already must have. Or, as they themselves might say, quoting from what their religion teaches them, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you." And so, too, is the kingdom of love and of happiness.



Bacchus and David
by Michelangelo

PROEM

He Told Me
This Love Is For
Eternity!
and blest it with a lovely ring . . .

needless to say I was quite overwhelmed
and pleased as could be!

now who wouldn't?

but as it turned out . . .
In this instance . . .
Eternity had a short memory
and a four day fling . . .

Now where in Hell is that Pawnshop?

p. e. britton

HAIRCUT

by

K. O. Neal

Hi! First customer of the day! Gonna be a hot one, isn't it? Here, let me hang that up for you. Say, that's a beautiful suit. Damn nice fit, too.

Oh. Paul sent you? Oh. Ha! Well, in that case I can say what I was thinking—you sure got the figure for it.

Thought you might be a straight one. They wander in every once in a while. One came in the other day. Fat as a pig. "Well," he says, "whaddya think of the topless bathing suit?" "Fabulous!" I says, "I've been wearing one for years." Well, he liked that and thought he was going to have a nice old smutty bull-to-bull yak, and then he looked around for the tit calendars. You should have seen his face when he saw these photographs. But at least he kept his mouth shut, so I didn't butcher him like I've done some.

Well, so how is old Paul, the old bastard. What a camp!

Now, tellya what I'm gonna do. I'm not like other barbers. I'm a one-man specialty shop, and I don't fiddle around asking how you want it. It's like the queen screamed—"Let go of my ears, I know my business!" Nosirree. I know my business, and a first customer just puts himself in my hands and lies back and relaxes and enjoys it.

I will say this to you, though. In my categories, you're the butch-swimmer type. Not that full-blown heavy butch-football type and not that lean-hungry butch-track type. The minute a man takes off his coat—minute hell, I can do it in a split second—these old gay X-ray eyes of mine strip him and I got him categorized.

Well, any way, you're the butch type, so I can give you a choice—butch-crew or butch-long. Nothing womped-up on your type. Frankly, that pompadour you've got there—nope. With your figure and face you don't need it. You have to be all of a piece. Some of these poor queens got nothing else. Not you. You're all of a piece. With that hip line and shoulders—neat.

So which? Oh, up to me? Okay. Butch-long. Personally, I think it's better for cruising. It's kinda psychological or unconscious—so many people, they may not think about it, but they see long hair and they unconsciously think about running their fingers through it while having sex. So okay, your old mother'll start to work.

Well, old Paul, so how is old Paul, the old bastard. What a camp!

He says the only reason I set myself up here is so that I can have a private captive audience cause I like to talk so much. Got to admit I do. Just run off at the mouth, Paul says. Always been like that. Diarrhea at the other end, my mother used to say. Said when I left home it wasn't like losing a son but having a long-playing record finally shut off. Do you mind? No? Good!

Well, tellya how it was. I was a hairdresser. Years and years. Damn good, too. But gawd, women! I tellya, the main thing I got against them is that they can't appreciate a beautiful man. I mean, figure-wise. Oh, they like men, all right—money and social crap and all that, and some of 'em like it in bed, too, but it seems like they just like it cause they're being overpowered and having their clitoris or whatever it is being worked on.

A woman is like a mirror. Just like a mirror. All by itself, there's nothing there. Nothing. Like a mirror, a woman only receives and comes to life by receiving. You know what I mean? Maybe that's why they can't be great artists.

Well, anyway, I got to thinking about this mirror business, and it nearly drove me nuts, standing behind these women, looking in the mirror, one after another, all day long. Then I got to thinking it was like working on TWO mirrors cause that's all the woman was, really.

I don't know how to explain it, but it got to be a real creepy feeling. Then one day I went to work and here all these women were sitting in front of mirrors, and it kept running through my head — MIRRORS, MIRRORS, MIRRORS. It wouldn't stop. I never had nothing like that before. I got to shaking, my hands got to shaking every time I stood behind a woman and looked in that mirror. So that noon I went and quit.

Then that weekend I was out at the university for a swim meet and a gymnastics meet—I never miss 'em—and I was drinking it all in, and I thought, now why the hell can't I be working while looking at MEN. So I went to barber college and got my license and here I am. Wish to hell I'd done it years before.

Well, old Paul, so how is old Paul, the old bag. What a camp!

We used to live together, that is, I rented a room from him, did he tellya? No? Well, I did. When he had that big Victorian house on the hill. Gawd, those parties. They don't throw 'em like that any more. That was years ago. Mary! I tellya, it was different then. Now, with all this social study crap and being written up in LIFE and all—hell, nobody does anybody anymore without thinking about it, thinking how they're a social misfit or something. Nobody's just plain queer anymore.

Well, old Paul, he throws some doozy of a party. Did he tell you about Hamlet? Well, he was giving a Christmas party for this actor friend of his from England, and it was wild—everybody drunk and out under the camellia bushes around the pool doing each other, and I don't know how it started 'cept everybody kinda had to rest at the same time and were in the house—kinda like an intermission, you know—guess everybody had come at the same time. So Paul, he pulls out that big wicker basket full of drag from the Goodwill and says we're doing Hamlet.

Gawd, you should have heard the screams. All those queens wanted to be either Ophelia or the Queen Mother and nothing else. So Paul, cause he didn't

want no fighting—and you know how bitches are when they're drunk—he let everybody be what they wanted as long as the drag held out. So we had five Queen Mothers—Paul always was queer for those old velvet gowns with trains—and six or seven Ophelias, which was easier cause they just took the gauze and divided it and wafted it about, all doing the mad scene at once and screaming "Get thee to a nunnery you bitch" at each other. The famous English actor was Hamlet, of course, 'cept instead of tights just on the legs he had tights all over—an acrobats outfit, it was, skin tight. And that basket! Don't know if the bitch had padded it or not. So of course everybody was coming over to him and making speeches so they could paw him all over, fore and aft. He was quite a doll in those early days, and still got that fabulous voice, of course.

Well, then all of a sudden the lights went out, all over the house, 'cept some little ones on the Christmas tree, and I heard some whispering. Then I heard old Paul's voice boom out SILENCE! and then he stomped three times on the floor.

Then, in a minute—jeez, I'll never forget it, I get goosepimples now just talking about it—from out of the darkness behind and above us came this fabulous voice—gawd, I'll never forget thinking how it was like a pipe organ. TO BE OR NOT TO BE. We all swiveled around. And there at the top of that huge staircase were three lights. It was the famous actor—buck naked—holding a candle in each hand and the other was stuck up his rear end.

You know, I think some people don't believe me when I tell them nobody laughed. Hell! You could have heard a pin drop!

Down he came that huge staircase, slow, a step at a time, giving that speech, right down the line. The most fabulous thing I have ever heard in my life. He ended up right in front of the Christmas tree, and when he ended the speech, there was this dead silence, like everybody was trying to get an echo. Then quick-like he doused his three candles and there was complete darkness, then the damndest applause you ever heard.

Well, old Paul, the old bag, yeessiree, he was a camp! It was at that same party that he met Motorcycle Jim. That was in the days when so many queens didn't go for this butch act with the leather and motorcycle. Did he tellya about Motorcycle Jim? No? Well, it's a long story, a long sad story, and I wouldn't have time to tell it to you now. Maybe next time. Poor Paul! That was his downfall, not only money but his health, and that first time Motorcycle Jim disappeared with that truckdriver, that's when the poor thing's hair started falling out. Gawd, what a sad story. Then that stabbing. Awful sad.

There! How's that? Man! You sure don't have to go cruising around in any dim light with your looks. Jeez, what a figure!

Nope! Nossirree! Don't take out your wallet! Nossirree. Tellya what I'm gonna do. With a few special customers, I always give the first treatment free. Absolutely free, yessirree.

Here, let me help you with that coat. Whew! Man!

Say—uh—mind if I ask you something? You won't get mad? I mean—well—now, you promise not to get mad? Just say no, if you want. Well—you ever go for older men?

No. So okay, okay. That's what I like, a man that speaks his mind. Yessirree. Good. You're grinning, so I can tell you didn't get mad. Good boy, that's what I like, a good-natured boy.

Okay. So, now I want you and that hair back here in two weeks or less. Your old mother is an artist. Promise? Okay.

And say. Tell Paul hello, willya? Good old Paul, that old bag. What a camp!

tangents

news & views

VS STILL USING MINORS

Because "we thought we could get a conviction if minors were involved," Chief Deputy DA Bowler contacted Alex Pantaleoni, police science professor (and ex-investigator for DA's office) at Rio Hondo College in Whittier, Calif., and borrowed two 17 year old boy students. The minors, with plain-clothesmen, were sent to a newsstand and purchased TROPIC OF CANCER and MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN OF PLEASURE. The two newsstand employees were then promptly arrested for selling pornography to minors.

OH MAMA, OH MAMA POOR PAPA'S BEEN CAUGHT IN DRAG AGAIN

In NYC, a tall, burly 58 year old father was arrested while walking one afternoon near 91st St. & West End Ave. and charged with vagrancy—for wearing a brown 2-piece woman's suit, high heels, fur cape, purse, gray wig, lipstick, and powder. The judge sentenced two days in the workhouse and suspended the sentence. But the defendant appealed — with a brief from the ACLU of NY pleading that a man who wears woman's clothes is not "a danger

to the safety, health and welfare of society" and contending flatly that it is unconstitutional to arrest as a "vagrant" a man for nothing more than wearing woman's clothes. Date for appellate court argument, which should be quite kinky, has not yet been set.

EASTERNERS PICK THEIR MAN OF THE YEAR

Members of ECHO (East Coast Homophile Organizations) at their WASH., D.C. banquet tongue-in-cheekish cited as the public official who has done the most to help and call attention to the homosexual cause in the last year none other than Representative John Dowdy of Texas — that mortal enemy who spearheaded that bill specifically revoking the charity solicitation permit of Mattachine Society of Wash., D.C. A spokesman for Dowdy told the press no invitation had been received and that the award was just to embarrass him.

ANGLICAN MINISTER ON HOMOPHILE MARRIAGE

"An intermediate step" in helping homosexuals is "the encouragement of a stable and continuing relationship comparable to heterosexual marriage" says Rev.

William Nicholls, an Anglican minister and head of the Dept. of Religious Studies at Univ. of British Columbia, Canada. He admitted that his church now believes homosexual acts are sinful but added that "its views may change in the future."

OF MANY THINGS, OF CABBAGES & QUEENS

Greenwich Village is getting its cop quota upped to "curtail loitering and solicitation by homosexuals," says NY Times . . . That 6/30/64 LOOK article on bachelor Dag Hammarskjold says his personal life couldn't safely be bared and compares him to Lawrence of Arabia . . . Samuel Barber's Pulitzer prize winning Piano Concerto got recorded by Columbia with pianist John Browning . . . Florida's Johns Committee will be up for renewal in April/65 and continues to get ridiculed by the press . . . A 16 year old girl is petitioning Calif. Supreme Court for release from a state institution on the grounds that over three-fourths of the females there indulge in lesbianism . . . Saturday Review Critic, Granville Hicks, gave the new novel LAST EXIT FROM BROOKLYN a rave review. The reviews on an English novel, THE BOAT BOY, and of a U.S. book of poetry, WESTERN TIME, show that they treat homosexuality . . . A half-hour French film, Jean Genet's UN CHANT d'AMOUR, was seized by Frisco VS who said it showed sex between two men and some in the nude . . . The British continue their orgy of wild dress for men. Hardy Amies, one of Queen Elizabeth's dress designers, at his last show had dinner jackets in gold and skintight black pants disappearing into KNEE-length boots . . .

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

One of the more humorous books published this Christmas season is by writer Louise W. King, whose short stories have appeared in ONE. A lesbian My Friend Irma, don't miss **The Day We Were Mostly Butterflies** (Doubleday).

An English boy's boarding school is the locale of Robin Douglas-Home's novel **Hot For Certainities** (Dutton).

Probably one of the most beautifully put together new books is **Brendan Behan's New York** (Bernard Geis). Paul Hogarth made the tour with Behan and his excellent drawings are used. Typical Brendan Behan jokes are liberally sprinkled through the pages. For example, " . . . a little boy who had been sent to Eton or Harrow or one of those posh public schools in England where they say the three principal factors in their education are: beating, bullying and buggery. The headmaster was interviewing the boy's mother and he asked her little fellow's name. 'Master Bates' came the reply. 'Oh, he does, does he,' said the headmaster. 'We'll soon cure him of that.' " Says Mr. Behan, "My attitude to homosexuality is rather like that of the woman who, at the time of the trial of Oscar Wilde, said she didn't mind what they did, so long as they didn't do it in the street and frighten the horses."

A more scholarly, but interesting and well illustrated work is **Woman in the Sexual Relation** (Medical Press of New York).

G. Legman wrote the "The Language of Homosexuality, An American Glossary" chapter in the 1941 edition of Henry's **Sex Variants**. His work was very thorough. He was for a time the official bibliographer for the Kinsey Institute.

Now he has given us a much needed work, **The Horn Book**, Studies in Erotic Folklore and bibliography (University Books). A most informative book, and one that no student of the erotic should be without.

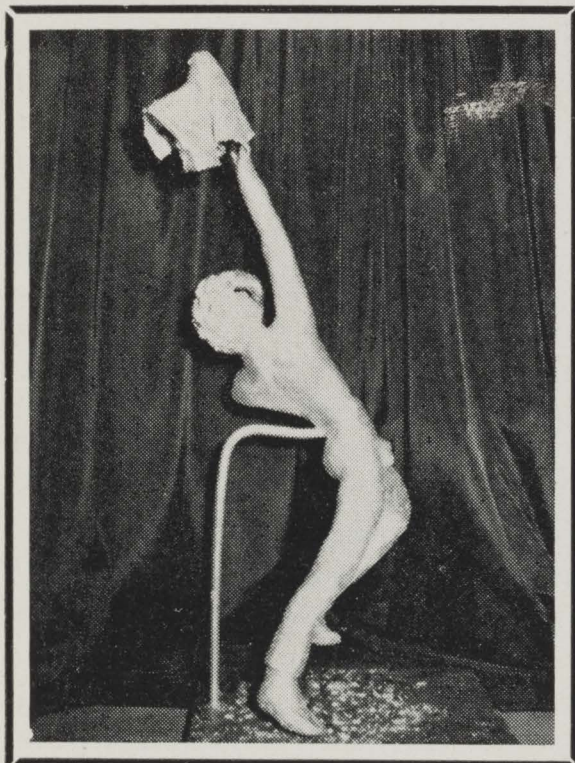
Nothing Like the Sun (Norton) is a novel about William Shakespeare by Anthony Burgess, author of **The Wanting Seed** and **Honey for the Bears** (both previously reviewed in ONE).

During the first World War the U. S. government began an attack upon the civil liberties of some Americans, an attack which has not ended. To combat this attack an organization began which later became the American Civil Liberties Union. While the ACLU has failed almost completely to aid homosex-

uals in their fight for equal rights, the organization has received a great deal of support from homosexuals. Since the fight for any individual or minority right is a fight for all people's rights homosexuals remain supporters of the ACLU and may find themselves interested in reading the story of the founding of the ACLU, as told in **The Challenge to American Freedoms** by Donald Johnson (University of Kentucky Press). It is most ironic to see that the work is the 1962 winner of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association award.

And if one wants to go to the opposite extreme of homosexuality he (or she) can read **The Rebellion of Yale Marratt** by Robert H. Rimmer (Challenge Press), about a man who married two women.

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And Alone Now

I've lived scenes of our youth
in a moment
on a gray-mousey day in March
when tears chased tears
across my pane.
The incandescent mornings
we shattered rainbow-pools
while walking hesitantly
through the autumn
of our oneness.
The afternoons when the old songs
echoed faintly as they caressed
gently the ears of our minds
and we laughed at love of them
and of each other.
The Winter-cold evenings
when our playthings
were covered with snow
and we had so little time left.
Where did they go?
We locked each day away like misers.
Half turning, smiling, and about to say
some inconsequential thing
to cover out silence,
I find you are gone.
And you didn't even have the courtesy
to slam the door.
I think it is still raining.
It all just doesn't seem to matter now.
The wind makes sounds
that I remember we made
when we scraped our nails along the
dusty blackboard to torment one another.
How young we were.
A train
makes its lighted way through the night
as I touch the warmness
of where you left the bed.
"Goodnight my love."

When kings went forth to do battle
in answer to unseen trumpet fanfares
before and behind
we sat spellbound in darkened
theatres and almost gasped.
And when they had won
their celluloid prizes and had returned
to their castles in rain to reign
we two walked our home town streets
laughing
and were silent when we remembered how
great had been the dangers of the king.

Cotton candy days
and we were young.
Lazy afternoons when we lay
on the grass with our poles
searching for some unknown
whale of a fish to tell our
tales later to our friends—
when we'd pass the
straws around pretending
we were like Grandpa
who always scolded,
or Pa
who never smiled,
or Grandma
with her corn cob
who gave us nickles
because we were God's little ones.

The tinsel, forgotten from
the Christmas sagging tree
drooped like weary sentinels
when we presented our own
special made Carnivals
and we pretended we were
birds flying away to home,
and beautiful ladies and gentlemen
who never bathed
but lived only to look their best,
(we never saw around us)
and Chinese magicians who sneezed
with winter colds
and were hollered at for
trying to saw Baby in half.
Look mister! No Mirrors!
No tricks up OUR sleeves!

Lemonade for a two cent
stickly hand exchange
of watered sugar and
gum-encrusted coppers
and we were little children
again when it came
time for our naps
of kings and things
and swans and swords
and little suns.
Looking back
we were happy
alive
and all life.

No threats of war
of war
of bombs
of hunger
of death
except in our backyards
when we were brave
soldiers quick to kill
and easy to forgive.
You're dead—
I shot YOU—
No, you missed.
I'm going home.
And I kicked your soldiers
a little and gave you
a penny when you cried
to put under your pillow
for the good guy that
made dreams come true for another day.

And with my arm around your shoulder
I began to tell you
my story as we walked home
through the vacant eyes of lots
where we had waged World
Wars I, II, and III
all in a summer Saturday.
"You see kid, he was really
a king-though she didn't
know it and you see she says
to him-Come with me to
find my brother and she
cries a little like girls do
and he looks at her for a long
time and says"

And we walked through the
gentle sadness of the evening
and kid, I think I really loved
you then.
It was a long good time away
but I think I did.

Why?
Well I think . . .
just because.

When evening touches my closed and shuttered windows
and my eyes have turned inward for your image
I blow out the candle.

Night creatures have fluttered past
and have crackled the new fallen snow
into prints of anonymous by-gone lives.

Their whispers have joined
the sighings of the old trees
as gradually, even the strings of leaves
begin to quiet.

Another boxed creature
across the road has scurried to and fro
within his rooms
and exhibits his joy in diffused chromatics.

And alone now,
I watch a sprite of a flamed coal
leap tenuously for life.

You walked through my garden earlier
and as I watched unseen from my window
you paused for a moment.

Thinking you had seen me
I stepped further back into the darkened recesses
of my room.

And you were gone.

We were like two cowards
frightened by each other's image.

I think the New Year begins for
chimes of steeped bells remembered and real
are clambering for attention.

Maybe you'll return
when tomorrow comes.
Maybe. But I do not think so.

Happy newest year and
Good by sorrows-goodnight.

Peter Farlekas

Books

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



PROSTITUTION AND MORALITY by Harry Benjamin, M. D., and R. E. L. Masters, New York, The Julian Press, Inc., 1964, 495 pp., \$12.50.

We have here a monumental study of the subject of prostitution by authors who have an enormously wide grasp of the subject not only from the side of literature but also from interviews with the foremost authorities on sex in the period, Hirschfeld and Havelock Ellis for example, and a long personal acquaintance with famous (or notorious) madams and prostitutes, many of whom were competent to give intelligent and literate accounts of their experience. A number of actual cases are reported.

The keynote of the book is perhaps expressed by Dr. W. C. Alvarez in the Introduction. He tells of an episode which occurred in Hawaii in 1898. The police had segregated the prostitutes in a stockade where supervision ruled out most of the criminals and crimes, all too common in the sex area, and lessened the rate of incidence of venereal disease. The bitter opposition of the church people eventually closed the stockade and the result was that prostitutes were scattered throughout the city of Honolulu beyond the reach of supervision and venereal disease shot up, more criminals got into the business, and many more policemen got rich on bribes and income from blackmail. On the whole, prostitution was not lessened,

but only driven more underground. The lesson here as elsewhere seems to be that laws on the Statute Books do not abolish prostitution. They simply drive some policemen into crookedness and blackmail and women into the hands of pimps, crooked lawyers, and others who prey upon them and take away their earnings.

The scope of the book is so great that one can only touch upon a few points in a brief review. The topics treated include the history of prostitution with some surprising facts, such, for example, as the fact that both St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Aquinas tolerated and even sanctioned it. Other topics elaborated are: motivation and attitudes of prostitutes, social causes and effects, prevention, varieties including call girls, statistics, (Kinsey found that sixty-nine per cent of men used prostitutes), licensing, pimps, government participation, public attitudes, and many others.

One of the greatest contributions of the book lies in its breaking down of popular myths and misapprehensions. For example, the popular mind has long held the concept of white slavery in horror. The authors state that it simply has not existed in Europe or the United States to any significant extent. In fact the motives of individual prostitutes are highly mixed so that one may separate them into two groups: compulsory and voluntary, the latter in reality pre-

dominating greatly over the former. Many women find the life attractive and more profitable economically than other occupations. In fact the brothel under intelligent leadership and wise inspection holds many advantages over street walking and individual effort in security and protection with far less risk to both prostitute and client. It has been pointed out that madams of such institutions have more applications for positions than they can use. Numerous writers now hold that no women in the United States today are compelled to enter prostitution for economic reasons. The attitude of one of the most famous madams of the period held no apology for her profession. She felt that she was rendering a social service. A far cry from the lost and degraded sister of popular image!

The government relation to prostitution is perhaps the most confused area of the subject. *Official* public opinion on the whole condemns prostitutes and prostitution and is reflected in the laws which are not and cannot be enforced, but which are almost impossible to change. The consequence is that bribes and shake-downs are so common on the part of the police (vice squads) and other officials that the government is rightly designated at times as a partner in the business. Payoffs seem to be regarded as a recognized element in its conduct. The authors state an honest young policeman first assigned to the vice squad may find corruption so firmly entrenched that he may have to change assignments or conform to the situation. Entrapment and blackmail are all too tempting and profitable!

A new type of prostitution, or at least a type new to public attention in the United States, is male prostitution, especially in the homosexual field. It seems to have been more common or better known in Europe

during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and was common in ancient times. Whether it is now increasing in the United States is a moot point. The authors discuss the topic thoroughly and the major problem seems to be, as elsewhere, what should be the attitude of the law. Incarceration only accentuates the problem and increases the likelihood that a casual offender, the one who is caught, will be made into a hardened and permanent malefactor.

Doubtless the greatest contribution made by this book lies in its utterly fearless and courageous challenge to the stereotypes and popular images which mark this, the most controversial of all fields. The last chapter, "Sex as Service," presents a final climax to the long and intricate discussion which is constructive and suggestive of a new line of thinking which might go far to ameliorate the confusion and heartache now characterizing the subject. We have here another and serious attempt to insert rationality into one of the most difficult aspects of modern culture. All the laws men have ever enacted and all the preachings of so-called moralists in the field of sexuality, and especially prostitution, have never lessened the force of man's instinctive drives and their expression in concrete activities. The problems involved, like all others, can be solved only by rational considerations, no matter how far they go in opposing ingrained folkways, mores, and other limitations to man's free spirit.

In conclusion the authors say: "sex is not essentially dirty or debasing. It becomes so through contact with the guilt-ridden mind of the anti-sexual moralist, who soils whatever he touches Prostitution is not in itself degrading or immoral The prostitutes of Japan through the centuries, the *hetairae* of ancient Greece, and the courtesans of the Italian Ren-

aissance afford sufficient proof that prostitution may be admirable in its social, cultural, esthetic, and hygienic aspects. . . . At no point in this book have we ever lost sight of the fact that the ideal is the free, loving, sexual relationship of healthy men and women; and that the struggle to achieve that ideal must never be abandoned. . . . One must also, however, attempt to deal with existing human realities, and with foreseeable future probabilities—among which is the need for prostitution now” and for the future. (472-473)

This book is a highly competent and courageous discussion in its field and should be read by all legislators and moralists interested in the happiness and welfare of mankind on a more rational plane than has thus far existed.

T.M.M.

THE JOURNALS OF JEAN COCTEAU, edited and translated with an introduction by Wallace Fowlie. Illustrated with 16 drawings by the author. 250 pp. Bloomington, Indiana Univ. Pr., Midland Book 59. \$1.95.

This paperback edition of Cocteau's journals was first published as a hard-bound book in 1956 by Criterion Book. It is well worth the redoing.

This poet steeped in the classical tradition, who makes every word count, constantly draws one up—there is a deceptive simplicity which contains unfathomable mysteries.

I am reminded of Montaigne, his deliberate exposure of himself, his soul and heart, without ever risking the obvious. It will be recalled, too, that Montaigne's most sustained essay deals with friendship, a subject equally dear to Cocteau.

Perhaps the fact that he, like Montaigne, is such a supreme moralist, puzzles many readers. The real Cocteau is not what his masks of playwright, film-maker, novelist, etc., may

have led them to expect.

“The gratuitous practice of sexuality is a torment, whether they know it or not, of all great men. Michelangelo exhibited it, Da Vinci whispered it. Their confessions intrigue me less than numerous indications of an order looked upon as disorder, which does not go so far as acts themselves. What do acts mean? They have to do with the police. They do not interest me.”

Elsewhere, the poet speaks of belonging “to the race of men who are accused and who are awkward in defending themselves.” He declares: “My natural inclination to live in accord with the Gospels separates me from dogma.” This “seriousness,” he goes on, “is the seriousness of poets.”

In America and Americanized Europe, these declarations alone are sufficient to render their author suspect. Where an anti-human scientific materialism has become official dogma, where “spirit” and “soul” have become tarnished symbols, the poet's commerce with the Muses and with Death, his search for the key to the enigma in which we are all involved—must be labelled “frivolous,” “anti-social,” “escapist.”

Cocteau the man has passed beyond all that. It would be futile and against the spirit of his wisdom, to justify or defend him. In these pages the discerning reader will discover for himself that the poet's words were indeed written in blood, and that they do live.

—Paul Cordell

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, by Phyllis Grosskurth, 370 pp., Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1964, \$12.50.

Symonds (1840-93) is a major figure in the history of our modern homophile movement. The two prior biographies, by Brown and Brooks, are almost worthless, but this new one is excellent. The homosex-

uality is discussed fully and unprissily. There is a fascinating bit on how Symonds searched out Ulrichs, who could be termed the founder of our movement, only to find him completely withdrawn from the movement and editing a journal in Latin. Also fascinating are the contacts and correspondence with other literary bisexuals of the time. This book contains the only statement I have seen on the homosexuality of a longtime suspect, Sir Edmund Gosse.

The material on Symonds has always been written as if everybody had reservations about him as a person. This author is no exception, and her detailed picture of him explains why. He was often two-faced, devious, and snobbish. The worst thing was his tattling (at a time when he knew he himself was homosexual) to his father of an affair between a schoolmate and the schoolmaster who his father hounded from that and other jobs.

As with Proust, Gide and Stein, Symonds inherited money, was not dependent on any job, and so was not super-secretive about his abnormality. Not only his wife and father knew about it but the four daughters, who regarded their father's romances with "affectionate amusement," a bizarre situation.

This biographer had access to, and drew freely from, Symond's memoirs which cannot be published until 1976. She says they have to do mainly with his homosexual life. While they may be interesting for leads and as a personal homosexual narrative, they probably will not be as valuable as this judicious all-around biography.

A.E.S.

THE LESBIAN IN AMERICA by Donald Webster Cory, with an introduction by Albert Ellis, Ph.D., New York, 1964, 288pp., Citadel, \$5.95.

The Lesbian in America by Donald

Webster Cory, with a preface by Dr. Albert Ellis, Ph.D., may serve the personal ends of Dr. Ellis and Mr. Cory, but does no service to the Lesbian in America or anywhere else.

Dr. Ellis is pleased to state that "an objective study of full fledged lesbians (as well as of fixed male homosexuals) would show that many or most of them are not merely neurotic, but are actually borderline or outright psychotics." Such a study might bear out Dr. Ellis' thesis. Again, it might not. However, it is an oft-repeated warning in textbooks on scientific method that the preconceptions or predelictions of the investigator or experimenter may influence not only the form and conditions of the experiment, but the interpretation of the results.

To judge by the case of Joan R., which Dr. Ellis cites as an example of one of his cures, he is unable to distinguish between homosexual activity as just one more act of rebellion, which in this case it clearly is, and true homosexuality. He, like Cory and Bergler, equates distressing manners, financial instability, sordidly untidy living quarters and, above all, social and sexual associations which will lead at least to embarrassment and in many cases to entanglement with the police, with typical homosexuality.

Since I know that happy, financially responsible, and socially acceptable homosexuals exist, I can only assume that Ellis, Bieber, Bergler, et al, are judging from the small neurotic (psychotics are by definition not worried about their problems) sample that falls into their hands. However, the priapic Dr. Ellis admittedly has a stake in curing real or imagined homosexuals and in the hope that he may give these troubled people some comfort, we will dismiss him with a caveat—but what about Mr. Cory?

Mr. Cory has some problems—personal problems. Mr. Cory wants to be

loved, not only by the homophile world but by the homosexual establishment as well. Hence he stresses the desirability of "cure" to the homosexual and whines to the non-homophile world for tolerance for the "soon to be cured" homosexual.

Mr. Cory also wishes to show that legally and socially the lesbian has an easy time compared to the male homosexual, while at the same time pointing out that at least *he* is not a lesbian. It seems to offend him almost as much as it does Dr. Ellis that his God-given masculinity can be so blithely ignored and rejected by a segment of the female population. Possibly some such rejection lies at the base of Cory's own homosexuality, since he mentions, at least twice in this book, the difficulties of boys and girls "making it" and seems ignorant of the fact that average boys and even girls seem to "make it" despite the strictures of our society. Perhaps he hadn't noticed that, whatever the reason, homosexual practices (not necessarily identical with homosexuality) are more in evidence now than in more puritanical days when, presumably, "making it" was even more fraught with hazards.

In any case, Mr. Cory believes "the lesbian is a woman in conflict and her conflicts are many." To prove this thesis he will go to any lengths. For instance, in the chapter he calls "Mothers and Aunts," where he discusses lesbians' raising of children, he admits these relationships are often long standing, stable and successful in child rearing, but — the mother must constantly worry about exposure. At no time has he taken into account the number of couples childless or otherwise who, feeling no need to advertise their sex lives to their parents or neighbors, are accepted by the heterosexual world as friends who simply find it financially

and otherwise more pleasant to share accommodations.

The non lesbian reading this book will lay it down confirmed in his or her prejudices. Should the reader be unacquainted with the subject, Mr. Cory will arm him with false generalities, misinformation, and a titillating collection of hints on how to recognize this exotic beast which exists by the "hundreds of thousands" or "many millions," depending on which page of *The Lesbian in America* you cite.

Brooke Whitney

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ONE for January, 1965: "The Gravest Danger" by Marcel Martin, and a new short story by Bob Waltrip

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Letters



Under no circumstances do the Editors forward letters from readers to other persons nor do they answer correspondence making such requests.

YEAR-END EFFUSION

Gentlemen:

Thank you for the return of my little vignette,, which you rejected. Very well I know you've to be most careful and selective of writings you want to use in your magazine.

I know myself, as a permanent reader of ONE, how painful it is and was, to read so often this stuff, collected for your monthly.

For this I congratulate you. That last but not least, the time has come for you to start to be more careful with the selection of material for your magazine.

**R. H. Stuart
Los Angeles, Calif.**

Gentlemen:

Believe it or not we have a gay construction Co. The operator is an Italian fellow who is in his early forties and employs only about 20 men. I happened to see the owner operating a scoop and was pretty surprised to recognize him. He eyed me and I guess recognized me and said hello. We got to talking and he told me that he only employs friends of his friends, etc. The guys are old and young, black and white, but the whole idea would really jar all those uninformed people who think that all gay people are a bunch of silly swishes.

And, it is nice to see the guys on the job eyeing the passing boys instead of the passing boys eyeing the lovely creatures on the scaffolds.

**Mr. T.
New York, N. Y.**

Dear Editor:

It amazes me that there are, within our own gay circles, people who would destroy others for simple and personal reasons. Queens with big mouths can do more damage to the gay cause than all the news articles ever written. Their behavior in public is

under constant observation. How they walk, dress, or talk reflects upon the gay society as a group. Gay bars, our social hangouts, must be protected from these queens lest they cause enough of a problem to warrant closing of the bars.

It is hard enough to lead a double life, under normal conditions, let alone to have to prove that slander and rumors are not true.

**Mr. W.
San Jose, Calif.**

Dear ONE:

A word on the local scene: the official pressure that was exerted in the early summer, as an aftermath to the three murders in Central Park, is not as great as it was (tho' the little red motor-scooters are still buzzing around in the park). We still have few gay bars operating, and probably won't have until after the next (a local) election year. Certain outdoor "cruising grounds" are fairly active—as long as the weather permits. I have seldom seen as many hustlers busy in the Times Square area before, even tho' it is that time of year when the transients are trying to score big in order to make it to Miami, New Orleans, or Los Angeles. They don't seem to be pushed too hard by the fuzz. There are a couple of rumors of **enticement** in some of the "better" east-side movie theaters . . . and tho' Washington Square is quite busy in the early evening, it is frequently "flushed out" at midnight. On weekends, flamboyant queens can still be seen prominating on upper west-side avenues till the wee hours and "pink-tea" types, the leather set and "collegiate" numbers likewise on 2d and 3d aves . . . with only a few incidents. The quieter social scene is a bit dull, but may pick up with the coming of Winter, when more people entertain at home.

**Mr. H.
New York, N. Y.**

Dear Friends:

Re: **Der Homosexuelle Nachbar** (September ONE, Book section).

You should know the story behind the story.

1. There was a book in the Netherlands published under the same title. 4 of the 6 Dutch authors were taken out of the translated text, when the idea was born to add German authors. One of the German authors, Prof. Schoeps, brought the others—the 5 were part of a German book of the same subject—so they brought all together—a not very happy idea for a publisher at all.

2. Schoeps wrote for a very German situation. The German delegates of Der Bundestag are not broadminded people. They know absolutely nothing about the subject. Neither does the general public.

3. The Dutch professors are discussing

They do not know where to go.

4. The only one WHO KNOWS is Dr. Schlegel, and what he says is new. You cannot deny that! Why did the reviewer not read his passages only and very exact? Schlegel does not write exactly the same as in "Die Sexualinstinkte des Menschen."

Books on the homosexual theme are not primarily written for a homosexual readership. Why should they be?

Anyhow, why so serious and sophisticated? We should be glad about such good works written within the official frame of the German Protestant church. It will help us to change not only opinions in the church, but also—maybe—the law.

If you could see what German papers write about homosexuality you would agree that a book should be written "naive." I receive a professional clipping service exclusively on the homosexual theme.

Jack Argo
Hamburg, Germany

Gentlemen:

Although I have not been a very active subscriber by contributing very much to the cause, I enjoy the Magazine and reports very much. I have found them very interesting and informative. These readings have given me a great deal of insight and knowledge of the many complex problems involved in the homophile group. One thing I definitely like about your organization is that you present all of the facets that make up this way of life. This proves that the homosexual group like any other minority or majority group is made up of all walks of life. If read with an open mind and not a narrow point of view, your Magazine can give the reader much knowledge. And knowledge is wisdom that cannot be taken away from a person.

Before reading your Magazine and reports, I was not aware of many of the facets of this way of life. You have given me the knowledge of what to avoid and how to conduct myself. I always try to act with discretion in every thing I attempt. Thank you for bringing a very informative magazine to all of us who are trying to live our lives in the best way possible and yet enjoy being a member of the homosexual society.

Mr. J.
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Dear Sir:

I received your letter ("Lonely!") and want to thank you for the humor and warmth I found in it. I appreciate your consideration very much and can assure you that ONE is not "bugging" me. You did answer my questions adequately and it is not a matter of being undecided which has caused my apparent neglect. (Incidentally, your letter made me feel quite guilty.) I am very interested in

an Annual Membership. For the present, however, it would be perhaps to **your** advantage if I waited a couple of months. I am a university student here, graduating in 1965 (hopefully), but my 21st birthday is December 6. Though I could very easily have been untruthful for my own purposes, I do not feel it would be fair to possibly jeopardize an organization which has done as much for the world of homophiles as ONE has. We all need you in the struggle to make our world an acceptable, worthwhile way of life. To be sure, the struggle is almost over. Once again, thank you, and if I do not hear from you again (the thought is not a pleasant one), then I shall still go through with my plans for an Annual subscription by the end of the year.

Mr. J.
Markham, Illinois

Dear Friends:

As an inactive member of the New York Mattachine, please allow me to congratulate you for your article (July **Confi**), particularly in relation to Mr. Wicker. While I do not like to stoop to character assassination, this homosexual has provoked me and my friends on many occasions.

He writes a chatter column for New York and the reason that he is tolerated by the group is that he is at the extreme left of the New York leaders. Supposedly, he gets things done, having appeared on a local tv interview show where viewers telephone their questions. He is also currently writing a book and ghost wrote the article in Harpers.

Mr. Wicker has been more of a liability than an asset to the total homophile movement.

When N. Y. Mattachine started back in '55 or thereabouts, he plastered signs all over town advertising the meeting. The result was a raid by the police dept. and led to the exile of Mr. Wicker—then known as Charlie Hayden.

Mr. Wicker reappeared on the local scene a few years ago with his outrageous temperament. He chooses to flaunt his sexual choices before people—that of very young hustlers—and insults people who do not agree with his thoughts.

His current campaign is a mass distribution of 256 lavender pins which say "Equality for Homosexuals." However, I've seen these worn by his followers only at gay functions and places which obviously accentuate his flair for exhibitionism.

My friends and I have purposely absented ourselves from the N. Y. meetings for the sole purpose of avoiding an encounter with this jaded person.

Mr. G.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Friends:

I once again speak my feelings. The Miss Destiny feature article was excellent and refreshingly different. It gives me a better feeling toward those of her particular breed than has been possible in the past. She puts up a convincing argument to indicate that (her) behavior is actually quite natural for some—perhaps it is!

"Papacito and the Jotos" was quite good also—perhaps rather realistic. It would be fortunate if errors which appear in the Magazine on unfamiliar words could be avoided, though. I'm sure the name should have been "Ramirez" rather than "Romirez," no?

**Mr. W.
Houston, Texas**

Dear Dorr:

I am enclosing a check for \$8.00. Six dollars are for the votes and \$2.00 are the results of "renting" out the article by "Miss Destiny." Some of my friends who are either too chicken or too complacent to subscribe to ONE have read **City of Night**, so I told them that ONE had a very interesting article by Destiny." Some of my friends who are either for the small sum of 50c. So here is the money.

**Mr. H.
Cincinnati, Ohio**

Friends:

Enclosed find \$25 in cash to be used for literature and public information to enable interested inquirers to maintain their anonymity and facilitate investigation and self-discovery.

Those afraid and alone need such an organization as ONE to guide their self understanding, but there are many who hesitate to reveal themselves and their names and their occupations for fear of exposure and harassment. (Jenkins is a case in point.) Because I am somewhat unfamiliar with your complete mode of operation, I cannot specify how this money can be used, nor can I give a detailed way in which anonymity can be maintained, I only ask that some attempt be made in that direction.

This may sound like a foolish request to you who have seen many reach adjustment, but that leap is not easy, and anonymity overcomes the major hurdle.

Permit me to remain anonymous, as I wish I could have a few months ago, for anonymity would have simplified and augmented my own growth in understanding myself. However, I do thank you for your considerate and sympathetic orientation.

**A grateful friend
Wisconsin**

Dear Don:

I want to know how much a subscription costs. I can't send any money until I find out. Please send me some literature, as I just started doing things that I always thought were awful. Now I find I can't stop and have no desire to stop. So, I would like to understand it and know how to live with it. I know you must have the information I want.

**Mr. R.
Saugus, Massachusetts**

Dear Editor:

After reading Bob Waltrip's short story "The Cliff Dancers" in the October issue of ONE, I wanted to write and tell you how much I enjoyed it. It's vivid descriptions, choice of words, and the tenderness with which he presented the story make it one of the best I've read in ONE.

In his characterization of Doug, he has captured the emotions of many of us young men who want desperately to find happiness in homosexual love. His beautiful description of Doug's feelings in the last paragraph on page 9 make it extremely easy for me to identify with him. Walking around the campus of the University of—(in the midst of the beauty of 10,000 males) I have had just the same feelings. I hope this won't be his last story.

**Mr. D.
Chapel Hill, North Carolina**

Dear Mr. Legg:

I received the 10 back issues of ONE that you sent, and I read every word in each one, as I do with each copy of ONE that I receive. I've always liked the short stories. But I found that many were about the female homosexual, and while interesting, they are not my cup of tea.

In May, 1962, issue, I found "The Homosexual Aid Society in the Middle of the 21st Century" by Roger Barth, of greatest interest. I liked that part about the symbols of the two triangles.

I really enjoyed the story "The Cliff Dancers" by Bob Waltrip. It's about time they got some sex into their stuff. He's a very good writer. I also liked his "The Friday Night Quilting Party." I knew ONE was like that. I didn't think an orgy went on there (darn it!) It's just a friendly get together of people who want to help, and I'm sure they do.

I'm very interested in your Fall and Spring Semester 1964-65, HS-100E, Introduction to Homophile Studies. But, you didn't say how much it will cost.

Right now I'm working on a painting that I'm going to give to ONE, Incorporated.

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I believe it tells just what ONE is doing for all of us. I hope you will hang it on the office wall.

Mr. C.
North White Plains, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Please allow me to correct Mr. P. A. V.'s statement concerning our club in Switzerland (his letter published in the October issue). In the first place the club in Switzerland is not closed, and secondly, there were hardly ever any minors on its premises, the entrance to which is severely controlled.

I had the pleasure of meeting your Tour group, which passed Zurich some weeks ago. We had some really lovely hours together.

Mr. R. A.
Zurich, Switzerland

Dear Editor:

The editorial in the October issue hits a lot of us where we live. I live in a small town where, to my knowledge, there are no others like me. I have been almost driven out of my mind by frustration and, several times, have come close to yielding to the temptation of joining a male pen pal club. Fortunately, the too-public atmosphere has always deterred me. At one time in my life, I was very nearly trapped by a vice-squad officer, and as a result, I am extremely reticent to attempt a meeting at any of what I deem to be appropriate spots for homosexuals to gather.

I keep thinking that there just has to be at least one other like me in this town of 15,000 souls, and yet I am too timid to initiate a first move. It does not seem right to me that there should be a ban against people like me using first class mail to acquaint ourselves. If there are others who feel as I do, please write to the Editor as I have done. I am aware that it is not in keeping with ONE's policy to divulge Member's names to each other, but if I could know that there is at least one other in this town, it would be some small comfort.

Mr. A.
Albany, Oregon

Gentlemen:

The interview with Miss Destiny was both amusing and interesting. I should like to hear Rechy's comments on some of "her" remarks about him.

Mr. S.
Syracuse, New York

Dear Sirs:

All good wishes to you for your Magazine, for your educational and research programs, your classes, your Library, for the help you give those who come to you in their need.

With the rise in rates, I am unable to

renew my subscription; while I am certainly friendly to ONE, to become a Friend of ONE is beyond my means. Unfortunately the distance between this city and your own prevents me from participating in any of your activities. I can allow myself just so much in expenses and feel it wiser to answer local appeals of our Society here.

And with the apparent demise of Mattachine Review, no issue having been received locally since March, your publication has our good wishes and prayers. While I was never able to have any of my stuff published, Babs Gittings and her Ladder has seen me as "Sidney Ravenswood" a number of times now.

As a sometimes active worker here in the East, my gratitude to all the old timers who started things out there some 12 years ago. I came in much later. While there are at times East/West personality clashes (Kameney vs. Cutler) at present, I think it was Don Slater who once wrote me, "There is room for differences of opinion" and still surviving. True as Smith says, we have but our sexual inclinations as our bond, but we still have a respect, an affection for the kind of stuff that has been coming out of ONE for so long now. Bless you for the October editorial and the courage and wisdom in it.

Maybe I am drawing into my shell, but too many conferences, too many sensational approaches brought out the Amer Nazi party to ECHO and I am a bit fed up with some of the Eastern attitudes. We have sold ourselves to "Randy Wicker" the young Lochinvar from the West with the sometimes mad ideas. We need to have a little dignity too.

Don't think you've lost me or I you. We shall meet on some distant battleground for our cause whether it be only as the above SR in The Ladder.

Mr. B.
Bronx, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Slater:

I was much interested in the article "Race and Sex," by Andrew Bradbury. It is true that there is often a sadistic motivation involved in sexual relations. There was a case not too long ago in a nearby city where sadism played a part. All the principals involved were white juveniles. A 14 year old boy was the victim of a particularly brutal anal rape committed by five high school athletes. The lad that had been assaulted suffered a nervous collapse. Strange to say, the boys responsible were simply put on indefinite probation. There were no names published in the newspapers because of Florida's juvenile secrecy laws.

Mr. A.
Sarasota, Florida

